A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, May 5. 1711.

I Had gone on with my design'd Subject promis'd in my last, but am oblig'd to break off one Day, to give you a Miscellanea of Observations on some common Occurrences.

I took the Liberty to complain of our Modern Politicians, who are so very fond of running down the Notion of Trade in this Nation, that they would fain make Land and Trade fall into our fatal National Division of Whig and Tory, and the worst misfortune is, that they choose Sides to the greatest Disadvantage imaginable, I mean to themselves, *viz.* That they make Land be High-Church, and Trade a Whig; a Sign they know very well how to tell Noses in the Nation, and are as Ignorant of their own Interest, as they are of other People's.

To look back a little to the Original of this Folly, and we find it, as near as I can trace it, of a very Modern beginning, *viz.* Ever since a late Defeat given by the Bank to some People, who thought to have brought in their Friends, and made a City Revolution in *Grocers-Alley*, and *Leaden-Hall Street*.

I shall not Examin the History of that Affair, or how they came to miscarry in the Design—The greater Folly of them was this, that these People should know little

tle of the Town, make ſo weak a Judgment of Parties in *London*, as to make the Attempt——But to Obſtinate Men, nothing appears difficult.

No ſooner was the Impotency of that Attempt made Publick, but like the Fox that had tir'd himſelf in often leaping up at a Bunch of Grapes that hung too high for him, and could not catch——Hang them, ſays he, they are ſower Things——Damn *Trade*, damn your Bank, what Occaſion have we of Trade? What ſignifies your Bank? —— What do you tell us of Credit and Stocks? —— We have the Land—— There's the Fund of *England's* Wealth, there's the Fund of Wealth, Credit, Taxes, and every Thing —— Let us pull down the Bank, we ſee no good it does the Nation, &c.

I need not call Witneſſes to prove the Fact, I need not quote Perſons, and wiſe *Oſtober* Speeches, made in the praiſe of our Landed Men —— The Gentlemen talk'd too loud not to be heard; they ſcorn to whiſper, they are ſo fond of the Notion, no Body need go far out of the Way to hear it.

To this, ſomething may be ſaid very Inſtructing, if ſome Gentlemen were diſpos'd to bear with it——But I'll only give a Hint or two, to take them down in their firſt riſe—— Since Land is the Fund, the Nation's Wealth, the Thing that gives Weight to the whole, and bears the Load of the War—Pray Gentlemen, will you be pleas'd to remove the Burthen from this Uſeleſs Thing you call Trade, and ſee how well your Land will raiſe Taxes to carry on the War? I think the Propoſal is your own, for taking, ſlighting, and deſtroying Trade is all the ſame Thing; you will then remove Trade from the Taxes, I do but propoſe to remove the Taxes from the Trade—— All will come to the ſame Thing, for Land muſt bear it —— And what would our Landed Men ſay to this? How would they pay 10 s. in the Pound upon their Rents? How would they maintain the Rents to pay it out of; And in ſhort, what Condition would they ſoon be brought to?

I Argued before, the dependance of *Trade* upon *Land*, and of *Land* upon *Trade*; and told you a Story of the Monſter of *Glaſgow*, which having two Bodies, and but one pair of Feet—— could not Act but by the joint Conſent of the Heads: If one of the Bodies Diſſenting from the other would go *Eaſt*, and the other *obſtinately* inſiſting to go *Weſt*, refus'd to yield any Thing; What could the Legs do in this Caſe? They are Non-Reſiſting, Paſſively Obedient Things, and ſubmit entirely to the Arbitrary Dominion of the WILL —— Suppoſe the Diſpute now *to come to our Purpoſe*, was about going out in the Morning *to fetch its Food*—And that the *Right-Hand Body* of the Monſter ſaid, *I'll go to ſuch a Town, there I ſhall get ſome Bread*; the Left-Hand Side, or Body, ſaid, NO, *I will go to ſuch a Town for it*: The firſt Commands the Legs to walk this Way, the other calls them back, and bids them go t'other Way —— And as I have had it from ſeveral very good Accounts; this was the very Caſe with the Wretched Creature——What could the Legs do in this Caſe? *Why truly* nothing at all, but they were oblig'd to ſtand ſtill, as I hinted before, till the two Heads were agreed, and if both had continued Obſtinate, What would have been the Conſequence of that——but that they muſt *all ſtarve*.

I have been told, That the two divided Parts, *for I can hardly call them Bodies*, of this ſtrange Creature, frequently differ'd, and would be ſullen, and ſometimes angry at one another—— I cannot ſay that they ever fought, or ſtrove with another, but I have been told they would argue (for both could ſpeak) and that one ſhould ſay to the other, *I wiſh you were Dead* —— And the other ſhould Reply, *You won'd fare ill without me*; pray obſerve, I do not ſay that it is true of them, that they Debated thus, but I have heard ſo ſeveral Years ago, long before I thought of making uſe of the Story this Way —— But it is exactly to my purpoſe

You Landed Gentlemen, that ſet up againſt Trade, and *damn Trade*, or ſay of it, as this Monſter did to its other ſelf, *I wiſh you were dead*; are you not as Monſtrous as the Creature was, and might not *Trade* anſwer

swer you as directly, *you'd fare ill without me?* Could you subsist without Trade? Would your Wool be Manufactur'd? Would your Timber be Sold for Shipping? Would your Provisions sell, and your Produce of Land be Consum'd?—— And what then? The Consequence is evident —— Would your Rents hold up? —— Would the Value of Lands remain the same? In short, wou'd you not Starve? —— Let these Gentlemen look back to the Ages of *England*, before Trade enrich'd us —— Before we were enabled to Negotiate our own Business —— *How did we live?* Pray Gentlemen look back upon your Circumstances —— You were *Wealthy*, but not *Rich*; *Populous*, but not *Strong*; *Powerful*, but not *Great* —— You had the FUND of Wealth indeed, but not the *Improvement*, like the Mountains of *Afric*, they have the Gold, but know not the Value of it, nor have they Hands or Skill to dig it up, and know not what to do with it when they have —— They let other Nations fetch that little they find from them, and pay them in Beads and Baubles; and how do we esteem the People of *Afric* with all their Gold, but as a poor heap of Useless Creatures, fit to be Bubbl'd, and made Slaves to the rest of the World.

What were we in those Days, when *Land was our Wealth*, and the Landed Men our Governours? Pray how did we live? *Slavery* and *Subjection* to these *Men of Land* was our Politick State, meer Husbandry and Labour the chief of our Employment —— The little Trade we had, was carried on by Foreigners, the *Easterlings, viz.* The Traders of *Lubec*, *Dantzick*, *Hamburgh*, and the *Hans-Towns*, were our Merchants: The *mighty English* scorn'd to Trade; our Wool went all to *Antwerp*, where the vastly Populous Towns and Cities of the *Netherlands* grew Rich, and indeed became so Populous, as to be the Wonder of the World, by Industry and Manufactures —— By Working OUR WOOL into Cloth, Stuffs, *&c.* with which they Traded to, and brought Home the Wealth of the whole known World —— By this they grew Great, Numerous, and Wealthy, while we, the *Landed English*, Lazy, Proud, and Supine, Scorning Trade, and possess'd of the great Fund Wealth, the LAND, wisely sat at Home, and not so much as made our own Cloth, but sending our Wooll, the *Life-Blood* of our Prosperity, to the *Flemings*, suffer'd them to Manufacture it, and bring back the Cloath, Serges, and Stuffs they made of it, and selling them to us, draw from us ten Times the Money they paid us for our Wooll; thus Impoverish us by our own Wealth.

Behold the Wisdom of our *Landed Men*, that now would be call'd the Nations *Fund*, and that say in their Vanity, they can live without Trade —— Let them look back upon their Primitive State, when meer Land was their Wealth; and if they think they can Fight the *French*, *or any Body else*, in that Capacity, let them make a beginning, I'll put them in the Way at one Clap to try the Experiment, and see what they will make of it.

Let them but join in an humble Address to their Brethren of the *October* Club, to get two Laws made; *First* an Act for the free Exportation of Wooll from *Britain* and *Ireland*; and *Secondly* An Act to give Forreigners leave to Trade to our Colonies in the *West-Indies* or *America* —— *My Life for it*, they shall soon have Occasion to try the Strength of their *Fund*, and to see how far Land is able to support us without Trade.

I shall, in pursuit of this Argument, endeavour to do Justice to the other Side, and let you see how far *Trade* also depends upon *Land*; that you may all see and consider, if you will be wise e'er it be too late, the necessity you are in, of settling a little more Peace, and a better Understanding among your selves, by the Absolute Dependance each Branch of our Prosperity has upon another

Adver-

Advertiſement about the late PROPHECY.

WHEN I lately made ſome Remarks in this Paper, upon a little Book Entitled BRITISH VISIONS, *&c.* I little thought any Man would have been ſo unjuſt to me, as to ſuggeſt either that I gave a Weight to the Particulars there, beyond, what I expreſs'd; That I concluded them the ſerious Produce of Immediate Inſpiration, and the like, and as ſuch, recommended them to the World; but ſince ſuch Folly and I may ſay Abſurdity, has enter'd into the Minds of ſome, I ſhall, in another Paper, publickly give my own Thoughts of that Caſe, how far I think ſuch Things are to be regarded, and how far to be ſlighted ——And let ſuch Cenſorious People ſtay their weak Reflections till I have ſpoke out —— Leaſt they come under the Denomination of *Solomon's* Fools, *who judge of a Matter before they hear it.*

Much leſs did I ſuſpect, that any (*judging, as I muſt needs Gueſs, by ſome Seeds of Fraud and Forgery they find within themſelves*) could be ſo unjuſt and Uncharitable, as to ſuggeſt, that this Book was Written and Printed here ſince the Death of the *Emperor* and the *Dauphin*, and that all the Notion of being ſeen ſix Months ago, was a Forgery to get a Peny——These People really need no Anſwer from me, but what the Daughter ſaid to give to her Mother, *that look'd for her in the Oven*——But to make theſe People a little aſham'd, if they can bluſh; *for as the firſt Suggeſtion was Unjuſt, ſo really this is Villinous and Malicious*—— But I ſay, to let them know this Thing was not put upon them on the *bare Word* of a Print, or that I expected they, that are ſo apt to be Jealous of all Men, ſhould take it on my ſingle Aſſertion —— I give them this Direction to inform themſelves.

The Book was Printed in *Newcaſtle* at a Publick Printing-Houſe—— Where Mr. *Button*, the Maſter of the ſaid Work, a Man known in this City, and of good Reputation here as well as there, may be enquir'd of; Three Servants, whoſe Names are *J. Saywell*, ... *Reid*, and *James Goodall*, are all Witneſſes and Workmen, in the ſetting or Compoſing and Printing it off, and theſe are all ready to teſtifie that it was Printed and Finiſhed, the ſame that it is now, without any Alteration, the latter end of *January* laſt or the beginning of *Feby.*

The whole Country thereabouts are Witneſſes, that in *February* and beginning of *March*, they were cried and publickly ſold in the Streets there, and Mr. *Baker*, the Publiſher here offers to make Oath, that he had them offer'd to him to ſell here, at leaſt 2 Months before the Death of *the Dauphin.*

And if all this will not convince them, the *Review* offers to produce them more.

And now I end putting the Gentlemen in Mind to look in that Book again, and tell me if the Death of the Earl of *Rocheſter* is not alſo plainly Predicted there, only with the Allowance of about a Months Time, in theſe Words. *pag.* 11. *Proph.* 3.

A Great Miniſter of State dies in the Month of March.

I Impoſe upon no Man, he that will not regard it may let it alone.

Printed for and ſold by *John Baker* at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.* 1711.